

Photographic ODDS AND CURIOSITIES AND ENDS OF THE NEWS OF THE WEEK

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WENT SOUL-SAVING IN RAGS. The Latest International Society Engagement. THE "MAD MULLAH" OF INDIA.

MISS EVA BOOTH, the bright young Salvation Army girl who dressed herself in rags and went soul-saving among the hovels and dives of Darkest London, tells the following story of her experiences:

"You little know the poverty, degradation and crime which exists in London and which I saw; where there is a hatred of every one who appears to belong to a higher class; where in order to reach the homes, the hearts and the better side of these people, I had to pose as a flower girl and a street musician."

"The police, who grew to know me, frequently begged me not to risk my life by visiting these places; but I answered them that Christ, in whose hands I placed myself, would guard me."

"I had a room four flights up in the darkest neighborhood of the great metropolis. No carpet, a little couch, a common deal table and a noble companion—this was my home."

"You ask how I got Miss Eva Booth, in Rags, as She Looked When She Went Slumming in London."



the hearts of those unfortunate? I had a secret which I carried in my bosom for years. An angel placed the cord around my neck and God planted it in my bosom. Four little keys on a miniature ring," and Miss Booth drew a little ring from the folds of her shawl. "The first one is Love. I went to Walter Hayes Burns, of New York and London. Mr. Burns was a member of the banking firm of J. S. Morgan & Co., of London, the American representative of which is J. Pierpont Morgan, the multi-millionaire."

"The next key," Miss Booth said, "is sympathy, the third sacrifice, the fourth action." Each was illustrated by affecting stories based on incidents in the speaker's life.

Miss Booth gave the foregoing account of her life in the slums of London at a large meeting the other night in Buffalo. She was clad in rags similar to those which she wore when she made her crusade in London, and she was playing an accordion similar to the one used when she assumed the role of a street musician in the great metropolis. The music was drowned by the applause which greeted her, but the Army joined in the grand hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

THE latest engagement of international interest is that of Lewis Harcourt, son of Sir William Harcourt, who has just resigned the leadership in the English House of Commons, to Miss Mary Ethel Burns, daughter of the late Walter Hayes Burns, of New York and London. Mr. Burns was a member of the banking firm of J. S. Morgan & Co., of London, the American representative of which is J. Pierpont Morgan, the multi-millionaire. Miss Burns, who is quite young, inherited from her father, who died, leaving an estate of \$4,430,000, the sum of \$125,000 in cash and \$375,000 in trust. On the death of her mother she will divide the estate with her brother, Walter Spencer Burns. She will therefore be a millionaire, and with ample money to take a conspicuous position in English society. Miss Burns is fair and very sweet and lovely. She has been finely educated, is accomplished, and a Miss Mary Ethel Burns, Daughter of the Late Walter H. Burns, Who Is Engaged to Lewis Harcourt, Son of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the Great Liberal Leader of England, Who Has Just Resigned.



(Photographed by Lombardi & Co., London.)

Her dance is thirty-five years of age, but is said to look much younger. To his intimates he is known as "Lulu." He has been his father's private secretary. He has had some experience in politics and as a stump speaker. It is said in London that after his marriage he will enter the banking house of the Morgans in London. His stepmother is the daughter of J. Lothrop Motley, the historian. She is Sir William Vernon Harcourt's second wife. Miss Burns's father was a brother-in-law of J. Pierpont Morgan, having married Mr. Morgan's sister. Miss Burns's brother, although but twenty-four years of age, some years ago surprised his friends and shocked his family by marrying the beautiful and fascinating Mrs. Wade. She was fifteen years his elder, and a conspicuous figure in the fashionable society of London, Paris and Monte Carlo. A suit for divorce followed, and the young man was granted his freedom. The testimony brought out references to Mrs. Wade's escapades at Monte Carlo, and also called public attention to her friendship for the Duke of Connaught and the late Duke of Orleans.

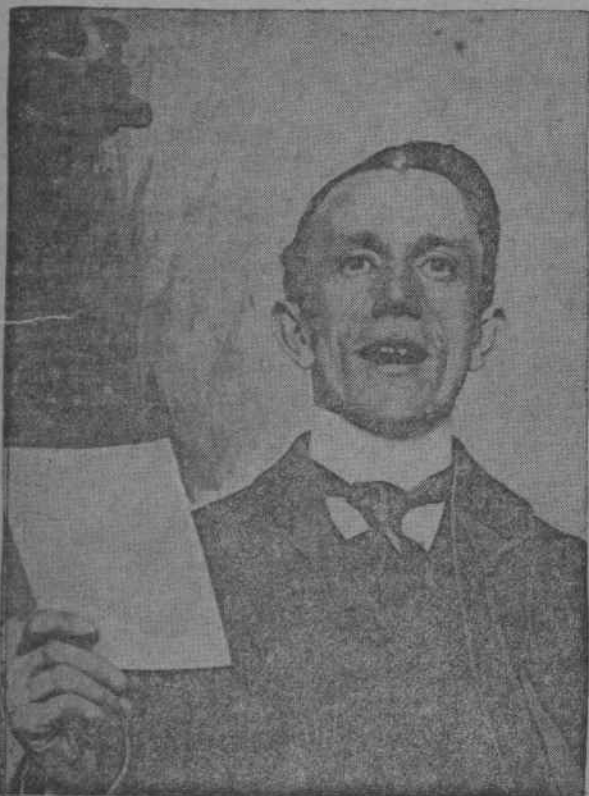
THE Mad Mullah, so the cable tells us, is a warpath again the northwest frontier of India, and the soldiers have gone there to find him and run him to earth. Mullah, in Turkish, means judge or learned man, and the Mad Mullah is so called because he is said to be demented on the subject of religion. He preaches in most fanatical language to his Mohammedan followers, whom he urges to rise in their might and drive out the "dogs of India," meaning thereby the British. He claims to be preaching under divine inspiration. July of last year the mad preacher appeared in Upper Swat, and the fan of his preaching spread like wild-fire. He gradually worked his way down the valley, with a rabble of men and boys at his heels, and appeared at Landikal, within the hall of Chakdara, the British outpost on the Chitral-Dir route. From Landikal he made the great proclamation which plunged the whole frontier into bloody war, a proclamation which in intent is similar to that

made by every Moslem fanatic in like circumstances. In practically the same words as both Mahdi and Khalifa used in the Sudan, he said that in a dream he had seen a vision, in which the co-operation of heavenly hosts was promised, and that with their aid he was about to sweep the infidel off the face of the earth. His excited appeals to the fanaticism which exists in every Pathan were responded to in a manner little short of marvellous. His progress down the valley to Allahdud was a triumphal procession. The fiery cross of fanaticism was loose, and the whole of the Swat region was up in arms. He was defeated and wounded, and a finger which was shot off was buried with strange ceremonies. After that he kept quiet for a while, but recently came the news that he is leading the tribes to another outbreak. The Mad Mullah is a native of Swat. He travelled extensively in Asia Minor, and eventually settled in Muzaffargarh, the Amer's chief cantonment in Afghanistan-Turkistan. He is said to have lived there for ten years, spent in preparing himself for his great mission to all Mohammedans.



The Fanatical "Mad Mullah" of India, Who Is Fighting the British.

Peter Prunty's Pneumatic Thorax. Pigmies' Human Sacrifice in the Depths of Africa. From a Convent to the Stage.



Photograph of Peter Prunty, the Famous Professional "Announcer."

Shap Shot at an Iceberg.

THE first iceberg of the season sighted by an ocean liner has been photographed by a tourist returning from Europe. It was off the coast of Newfoundland, and loomed up like a glacier mountain.

Its pinnacles and glistening peaks reflected colors like a prism. From the steely blue of its base its hues varied through every shade of azure to a pale pink while its summits were a pale pink. Its base stretched half a mile in length along the water, and its summit rose hundreds of feet high.

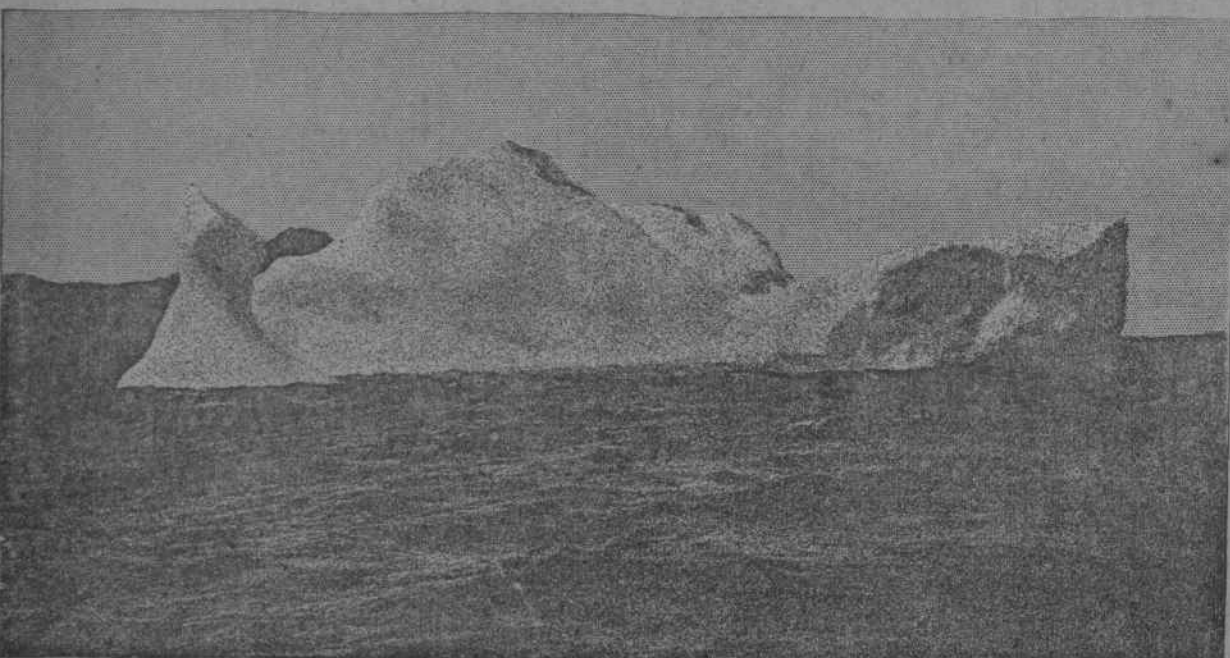
As only one-ninth of an iceberg shows above water, its depth and mass below can be imagined. It is unusual for a berg of this size to be seen in the winter. The spring thaw in the Arctic is what generally breaks off the biggest masses of ice from the glaciers, which form icebergs.

When these floating monsters of the sea are sighted in clear weather they are the delight of the passengers of ocean liners, making exciting variation in the monotony of the marine scenery. The wary captains of the big ships, however, always give the bergs a wide berth if possible, so that they usually appear small.

In the case of the present one, however, the ship came in the lee of this floating glacier the thermometer dropped thirty degrees in three minutes. It was like a breath from the pole, and everything on the ship became covered with frost.

The cold that hovers about an iceberg is intense. On this account they often envelop themselves in fogs and move down, treacherously concealed, on ships that come in their path.

To those unaccustomed to them, this looks like an ordinary fog bank. But the skipper of the northern seas distinguishes it from the sea fog by its circular form, and steers away from it with all the sail or steam he can crowd on.



SNAPSHOT OF AN ICEBERG HALF A MILE LONG, TAKEN OFF THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND.



HOW THE BANGALA OF AFRICA SACRIFICE THEIR ENEMIES AFTER THREE DAYS OF TORTURE.

HERE is a picture of human sacrifice as practiced among the Bangala of Central Africa. A sacrifice like this was witnessed by Captain Guy Burrows on his recent journey of exploration through the land of the Pigmies, and is described in his interesting volume reviewed in the Journal last Sunday.

The Bangala make raids on the border to secure the bodies of human enemies for food. They feast on the bodies of those slain in battle, besides killing men to eat.

Their method of preparation is a most cruel one. The prisoner or slave who is to grace the feast is not killed outright. Three days beforehand his limbs are broken, after which he is placed chin-deep in a pool of water, his head being fastened to a log so that he may not be drowned.

On the third day he is taken and killed, as in the picture. The process of preparation is supposed to make his flesh more tender. After the tortured victim has been taken out of the water he is placed on the ground in a sitting posture; then six stakes are driven into the ground, two close to his shoulders, two by his knees and two close to his ankles.

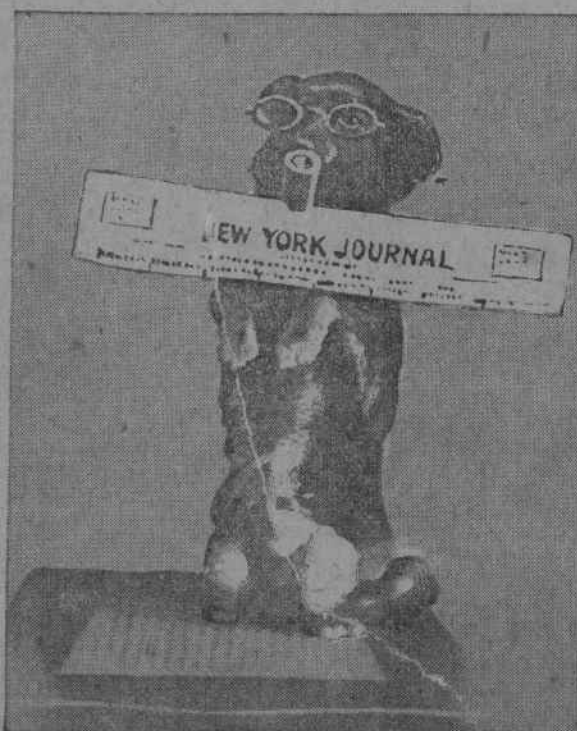
Cross-pieces are wedged over the ankles, under and over the knees and over the chest, stomach and back, binding every part of the body immovably. So that the head also should be fixed, it is wrapped around with flat pieces of wood, over which strings are passed to the bough of a tree, which has been bent down for the purpose, and as it springs upward, stretches the helpless prisoner's neck to its fullest extent and at the same time holds the head as if in a vise. Now comes the fun for the chief.

He assembles all of his warriors to display his skill, and, standing a few feet from his victim, he takes his throwing-axe (Kassal) in hand to practice on this living target. If his axe should strike anywhere but in the neck it "don't count," and he "takes over" until by a single blow the curved blade of the axe decapitates the long-suffering victim.

When this at last happens, it is a signal for all of the bloodthirsty cannibals to

rush in, disembowel the body, slice it over a fire of red-hot embers, cut it up into joints and cook all they can eat, smoking the rest for future consumption.

Such scenes take place near the station established on the Upper Congo by Europeans, notwithstanding every effort which is made to stop the practice. There seems to be plenty of work for the missionaries to do in this neighborhood.



"SNOOKSY," AN ACCOMPLISHED LITTLE DOG WHO SMOKES A PIPE AND WEARS GLASSES AND IS OTHERWISE VERY INTELLIGENT.

MISS GEORGIE MENDUM, the pretty sixteen-year-old niece of John Drew, has made her debut in "Catherine" with distinct success. Miss Mendum comes of a theatrical family. Her mother was Louisa Drew, sister of John and Sidney Drew. Her father was a theatrical manager for many years. She is the cousin of Miss Ethel Barrymore.

Miss Mendum takes an unusual step in going direct to the stage from a convent. Since her mother's death, ten years ago, she has been under the tuition of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, in Boston, and left them in October last to begin a stage career.

She will be transferred to Mr. Drew's company when he goes on the road with "The Liars."



Miss Georgie Mendum, Niece of John Drew, Who Made Her Debut in "Catherine."

Smartest Dog in Brooklyn.

"SNOOKSY" is the name to which this intelligent animal answers. To what particular breed he belongs, Mrs. B. L. Simons, of No. 314 Eighth street, Brooklyn, who owns him, is unable to say. According to external evidences he is supposed to be a cross between a spaniel and a terrier.

Around Snooksy's neck there is a sort of fur collar, which is decidedly a part of him, and experts always look around when passing him to see what manner of dog he is.

Among Snooksy's accomplishments is the tobacco habit. He smokes a pipe with the vigor and enjoyment of a section boss, and wears glasses like an old lady reading a stock report. He makes it his business to rouse the family in the morning, and at 7 o'clock he scratches at his mistress's door with the promptitude of a watchman. When the morning papers come he selects the Journal first and delivers it at the bedroom door.

His most remarkable achievement is to pick out the right or left slipper for his master and put it on the proper side of the footstool.

That he understands English there is hardly any doubt, as even the neighbors admit that he knows "what's said to him." When neighbors make such admissions there is some cause for the belief that "Snooksy" really understands. He is two and a half years of age and weighs but twelve pounds.

